

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

## "I Left My Wallet in El Segundo"

My mother went away for a month-long trip  
Her and some friends on an ocean-liner ship  
She made a big mistake by leaving me home  
I had to roam so I picked up the phone  
Dialed Ali up to see what was going down  
Told him I pick him up so we could drive around  
Took the Dodge Dart, a '74  
My mother left a yard but I needed one more  
Shaheed had me covered with a hundred greenbacks  
So we left Brooklyn and we made big tracks  
drove down the Belt, got on the Conduit  
Came to a toll, we paid and went through it  
Had no destination, we was on a quest  
Ali laid in the back so he could get rest  
Drove down the road for two-days-and-a-half  
The sun had just risen on a dusty path  
Just then a figure had caught my eye  
A man with a sombrero who was four feet high  
I pulled over to ask were we was at  
His index finger he tipped up his hat  
"El Segundo," he said, "my name is Pedro  
If you need directions, I'll tell you pronto"  
Needed civilization, some sort of reservation  
He said a mile south, there's a fast food station  
Thanks, senor, as I start up the motor  
Ali said, "Damn, Tip, why you drive so far for?"

(Well describe to me what the wallet looks like)

Anyway a gas station we passed  
We got gas and went on to get grub  
It was a nice little pub in the middle of nowhere  
Anywhere would have been better  
I ordered enchiladas and I ate 'em  
Ali had the fruit punch  
When we finished we thought for ways to get back  
I had a hunch  
Ali said, "Pay for lunch"  
So I did it  
Pulled out the wallet and I saw this wicked beautiful lady  
She was a waitress there  
Put the wallet down and stared and stared  
To put me back into reality, here's Shaheed:  
"Yo, Tip, man, you got what you need?"  
I checked for keys and started to step  
What do you know, my wallet I forgot

Yo, it was a brown wallet, it had props numbers  
Had my jimmy hats I got to get it man

Lord, have mercy  
The heat got hotter, Ali stars to curse me  
I fell bad but he makes me feel badder  
Chit-chit-chatter, car stars to scatter  
Breaking on out, we was Northeast bound  
Jettin' on down at the seepd of sound  
Three days coming and three more going  
We get back and there was no slack  
490 Madison, we're here, Sha  
He said, "All right, Tip, see you tomorrow"  
Thinking about the past week, the last week  
Hands go in my pocket, I can't speak  
Hopped in the car and torpe'ed to the shack  
Of Shaheed, "We gotta go back" when he said  
"Why?" I said, "We gotta go  
'Cause I left my wallet in El Segundo"

Yeah, I left my wallet in El Segundo  
Left my wallet in El Segundo  
Left my wallet in El Segundo  
I gotta get, I got-got ta get it